THE COMMONWEAL

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REJOICING IN THE SOUTH SEAS

THESE are days when the triumphs and tragedies of aircraft voyaging draw attention to the islands of the South Seas. But though the new "ships of the clouds" do constitute another link in the chain which binds us as a people to the Hawaiias, that chain itself has long since been firm and well-beloved. During the romantic age of American life and thought, the hearts of poets and adventurers went out to these charming mid-Pacific reefs with a lyric ecstasy the more remarkable because it was tempered with gracious humor. One might almost say that the finest imaginative prose written in this country deals with Tahiti and its kindred isles—the prose of Melville, Stoddard and their brethren. To these shores Stevenson, the belated pure romantic, drifted by a kind of gravitation, learning to know the mysteries and sacred heroes of his new home better almost than he knew anything else.

A very special reason exists for calling all this to mind at the present time. The one hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Catholic faith to Hawaii has recently been observed with appropriate festivities. Though no missionary field which the Church has entered was ever more roughened by inter-denominational bickerings, progress is demonstrated by the fine cordiality with which the public not of the Faith entered into the spirit of the occasion. A week and more of festive reminiscence was marred by no cheap hostility or mean indifference. All of this proves that Catholicism in the South Seas today is not merely a religion which has won numerous adherents, but a thoroughly acclimated religion the lasting human value of which is obvious. We cannot review here either the commemorative ceremonies or the statistics which evidence the progress of the Hawaiian mission. Suffice it to say that anyone who carefully considers both will be astonished at the vitality manifested.

One hundred years ago, a French steamer landed a number of religious, members of a newly formed congregation, off the harbor of Honolulu. No committee of welcome appeared to receive them, they huddled quietly within a few primitive huts, and it was necessary for them to frustrate an order of deportation by means of a ruse. American Protestant missionaries, already established, had great influence with the native rulers, and naturally enough did what they could to halt the inroads of men described as "Jesuits." Even more troublesome, however, was the constant political intrigue which divided the chieftains into factions supporting this or that foreign power. Sometimes the little Catholic band was exiled from the scene of action, driven to California or South America, but it always returned and took up the work at

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precisely the point where it had been interrupted. That unrivaled brand of fortitude called "missionary tenacity" certainly did not desert them.

Looking at the matter superficially, it seems strange that anybody should have desired thus intensely to convert these care-free Polynesians, so blithely pagan and morally fickle. Indeed, many a romantic soul—and sometimes a deeply Christian romantic soul—has regretted the invasion of the "ocean paradise" by august emissaries from an alien world. The stock missionary retort has been an allusion to the harsh reality that had decreed the exploits of commerce, so firmly guaranteed to do all but improve native civilization. What other adversary would universal degeneration fear excepting Christianity? No doubt the price paid by these happy islanders for the white man's friendship would have been much heavier had no proponent of the Gospel interposed a restraining hand. And yet the point of view of the Catholic missionary was far different from all this. The "glad tidings" he strove to bring were not designed to take away anything from what was traditional and good, but to add to it the bliss that transcends, yet is not destructive of, all other human well-being and joy. Certainly he did not strive to emulate the American Puritan divine who, in 1840, excommunicated the chief Kuakini from church because he had worn wreaths of flowers and smoked a pipe.

The slow adventures of a lonely apostle in a land where danger lies not in death through persecution but in the profound hostility of the clime itself have all been chronicled. We need say nothing further about them here excepting that one such career, that of Father Damien, found its way into the heart of the world. Fortune decreed that this simple, sturdy, relatively uncultivated priest should draw the attention of the United States to the Hawaiian mission long before his labors among the lepers were undertaken. Benefactors in this country outfitted a chapel for him, giving among other things a bell which seems to have been a most effective propagandist. Yet it was, of course, the heroic experience of Molokai which first lifted him above the level of the world, like a light which is raised upon a tower. One need not repeat all that story, nor point out the fact that few people think of Damien in the vigor of manhood, going about his work simply, with no thought of the eventual heroic martyrdom. If, after his death, a malicious attack strove to sully his memory, that has long since been put down with impressive definiteness.

Writing his recently published and interesting book, The History of the Catholic Mission in the Hawaiian Islands, a notice of which is given elsewhere in this issue, Father Reginald Yzendoorn was able to go over the whole ground carefully, to indicate how the post-mortem slurs originated, and to vindicate historically the character of Damien. It is more to the purpose to note how the sacrifice and manliness of Damien, contrasting so brightly with the livid horror of leprosy, enkindled the imagination of mankind. In this country it was a quatrain inspired by the occasion of the missionary's death that introduced an important new poet, Father Tabb, to the American public. Later on it was Charles Warren Stoddard who made the whole picture indelible, writing his glowing, delicately tinted impressions of Molokai and its great man. Still later Stevenson hammered out the steel of his astonishing Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde on the anvil of a lofty admiration. There have been still others, not negligible either, anxious to add their part to a story that was rapidly becoming engrossing legend.

As a result, the missionary in Hawaii has created something that takes its place naturally in the long and beautiful tradition constituted by the Catholic Church in the new world. We think of Damien as constantly, as admiringly, as we think of Junipero Serra or Marquette; and if we understood better the achievement of his predecessors and companions—in short, of all the workers in the field of the South Seas—we should feel that same pleasure at being in the presence of a good old story with a happy ending which we sense after refreshing our memories about the achievements of the early Jesuits or the California padres. Indeed, though it is no doubt beneficent sometimes to prove oneself strong in abstract controversy and, as it were, to profess one's faith in syllogisms, it might be even better to drink in deeply the atmosphere of this old, sublime adventure. After all, religion is largely heroism, both of belief and action—a heroism that may be learned from those who exemplify it.

Finally, the present time has lost a great deal of its confidence in the ultimate success of missionary endeavor. Perhaps it itself is tired, unable to forego its comfort; but undoubtedly the collapse of so many hopes in China, the continued indifference of the Moslem world, and the almost unlimited apathy of India have discouraged many. Who does not see that to be successful the apostle must be an heroic, even a romantic, fighter, scornful of the statistics of victory or gain, pledged to the cause because the cause is just and noble? Saint Francis Xavier was that kind of man. His vast "empire of souls" in the Orient collapsed in what was scarcely more than a day, leaving only a few meagre ruins behind. And yet it is absolutely certain that if he returned now and saw to what an end his labor had come, he would nevertheless press joyously onward because the mere going is good. No amount of science or calm deliberation can substitute for this sense of confidence, of dedication to an enterprise which is altogether worth giving oneself to. Relatively speaking we all need it, in attempting to render the world in which we live a little brighter with faith and hope and charity, a little less shadowed by dishonesty and malevolence. That is why the history of Hawaii deserves incorporation in the tradition by which we spiritually live. The day would be bare and raw indeed that did not find men of faith as eager to undertake lofty adventure as are the men who wing fearlessly through the blue air, scorning comfort and fate.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

IRISHMEN are learning the business of politics rapidly. First, Mr. De Valera thought out a brilliant little scheme, the import of which was to take the oath of allegiance, regarded as a "mere formality," and so to divert the governmental power to labor. For a time this move gave every indication of being the prelude to a republican victory. Now, however, President Cosgrave has parried with an attack which, judging by all reports, bids fair to win a great advantage for the Free State government. Having dissolved both houses of the Dail and ordered a general election, the President can reap the full benefit of the indignation and suspicion created by the assassination of O'Higgins. Two minor elections in the neighborhood of Dublin indicate sufficiently well how public opinion was affected by that cowardly deed. At the time of its occurrence we said that all who hoped with the republicans for the ultimate complete independence of Ireland would join in demanding that Mr. De Valera do everything in his power to discover the agents of the assassination and divert suspicion from his followers. This he did not attempt to do, at least with any notable vigor. Therefore he must now be prepared to reckon with the conscience and the desire for safety which actuate so many of the patient but nevertheless determined people to whom he belongs.

IT IS still a poor, unhappy Ireland. Forced during generations to battle for some shred of freedom—for even the living memory of freedom—in ways subterranean to the general movement of democratic reform spreading through the world, its idealists were driven to organize cabals and constantly endangered secret coalitions. Small wonder that those who struggled so vainly, died so bravely and well to keep the fire lighted, should resent bitterly the "condition of compromise" in which they now find themselves. From our point of view the measure of freedom established in the existing government is sufficient to develop habits of self-rule and to foster economic development. Both these matters have, indeed, shown so much improvement that the world was eager to extend congratulations. To the republican, however, the present spectacle is the play with Hamlet omitted. The spiritual goal, waited for so long and served with so much misery and blood, is quite as remote as ever. But though one may commendably revere and sympathize with this position, it is evident that the old, violent, secret-organization methods are no longer either advantageous or even morally permissible. Sooner or later the republican will see that he must use the ordinary means of democratic government; and we believe that when he does this honestly and efficiently, he will bring his people nearer and nearer to that ultimate independence which is so warmly recommended by modern political philosophy and age-old moral insight.

AMONG those whose words have been listened to with great interest at the Williamstown Institute of Politics is Count Carlo Sforza, who is in a sense an official representative of the Italian people. Speaking on the night of August 23, he made some highly important remarks regarding the attitude of the Papacy toward the League of Nations—an attitude which came during 1927 to be characterized by warm cordiality. "The oldest of all religious and, if you like, political institutions, in the western world," said Count Sforza, "has at least taken sides, in spite of her traditional prudence, in the great quarrel, the one only quarrel that matters for our future civilization. She has understood that the nervous starts of heated nationalism on the one hand, and the troubled forces of the Russian revolution on the other, may bring peace into danger. She has realized that there will be either peace, with its uncertainties, its ups and downs, its painful social struggles, but for all that, peace, with an assured future of a life of progress and human dignity, or else another war, and with that war the merited destruction of a civilization that has degenerated into a brutal, material impetus, without any common moral rule of life. When that happens it will be useless to look for reactionary police measures against the obscure forces of a new system of oriental slavery which sometimes seems to be right there, knocking at our doors from the East." It is well that contemporary statesmen, upon whose shoulders rests the great burden of reconstruction and pacification, should be able to speak so wisely and sincerely. The international action of the Papacy is, indeed, as definite and brave as it is religious and pastoral.

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WRITING in Barron's Weekly, Mr. Walter B. Saunders, just returned from Mexico, avers that a nation of some dozen millions is being governed by "200,000 rascals." He goes on to say that "not since the last days of the rulership of General Diaz has there been in Mexico the wide-spread dissatisfaction, poverty, misery, hunger and public desperation that there is at present." Unfortunately it is clear that the existing régime is established upon a solid foundation of military force and constitutional law. Both are, in turn, creations which the United States government itself has helped to call into being and to preserve. The Constitution of 1917 was accepted by Washington authorities as the outcome of a revolutionary movement in which they had placed great hope. The Calles army is an institution formed and, to a considerable extent, maintained by an agreement under which an embargo on arms favorable to that army is enforced. Mr. Saunders once more makes clear that the entire policy has been one huge blunder. One hopes also that he and other first-hand investigators in Mexico can some day join in indicating to public opinion a better program of action. Nothing could have been more disastrous, nothing more tragic, than what has happened.

MR. CHARLES TUTTLE, United States district attorney for the Southern District of New York, recently pointed out to the Commercial Law League two juridical evils which are fast making court rulings sources of political unrest and disorder. Referring to (though not naming) the Sacco-Vanzetti case, Mr. Tuttle emphasized a point which The Commonweal has tried to bring to attention in its comment on the famous Massachusetts trial. "When over six years elapse between indictment and execution on a notable murder case, the law itself is really the thing tried and condemned. Many have called for reform of our criminal procedure, but the recent instance has convinced public opinion that a change is no longer a matter of mere reform but of national safety." The other evil stressed by Mr. Tuttle is the practice of perjury as a kind of legalistic business venture. "It is not too much to say," he declared, "that today the administration of justice is enmeshed in a web of perjury. Indeed, this offense has acquired the dignity of an almost complete immunity; and not infrequently a lie under oath is surrounded by the social code with something almost of glamour." Here again we are confronted with a situation which not merely vitiates the processes of justice, but destroys public confidence in the law and ultimately in government, opens the door to lawlessness and anarchy, and prevents those who maintain in principle that justice must be upheld from giving their support to the forces which administer it.

WHERE the wheat-fields undulate under the harvest sun, a basic human industry is situated and watched over by men who depend as much upon the demand for their crop as upon the crop itself. In days gone by, the grain that is the staff of life for so large a part of the world was difficult to produce. No elaborate machinery having been provided for sowing and harvesting, farmers tended small acreages with infinite care and labor. Old people can remember when, after the scythe and the cradle had finished, gleaners went painstakingly over the field, gathering up the sheaves which the reapers had missed. Today the ease with which wheat can be produced in a variety of climates, coupled with the lowered demand for other grains, has actually made it unprofitable to harvest all that nature is willing to bring forth. A recent report made by the Department of Agriculture indicates that if the acreage and crop statistics remain normal, the total amount of wheat grown in 1926 will constitute a surplus above domestic consumption of over 250,000,000 bushels, the highest point reached in some years. Meanwhile the sum-total of the grain grown in other parts of the world is also expanding; and although there is little reason to believe that our export market will be badly affected during some seasons to come, a point must eventually be reached where a good portion of the United States harvest will find no eager buyers. Though this will inevitably mean lower prices for the consumer, unless some governmental action is taken to stabilize the market and promote foreign sales, it must also signify the retirement of a certain number of farmers from the industry. Add many such facts together, and it is easy to see that we are coming face to face with an agricultural crisis destined to influence general economic conditions to a far-reaching degree.

A RATHER pessimistic picture it is which the Reverend Charles Stelzle, whose appointment to promote Protestant church activities through advertising has received so much attention, draws in a recent issue of the World's Work. He finds that the contemporary increase in church membership is merely proportionate to the general increase in population; that the country districts are giving up the habit of attending divine service; and that the churches have lost the position of leadership "in practically every great social and political problem today," in spite of the fact that all the vexed questions we are asking remain primarily moral in character. With these contentions few will disagree. There has been an appalling decline in the influence of Protestant Christianity, and an equally appalling tendency to drift into some form of vague deism or of more or less consciously entertained agnosticism. The reasons are numerous and varied, but one finds small comfort in enumerating them. Although a Catholic necessarily desires that all outside the Church to which he is loyal may ultimately find their places by his side, he is nevertheless aware of the great good which abides in Protestantism and anxious that it be not diminished by the corrosion of incredulity. One cannot say too often that it would be better to dwell in the company of fire-eating Puritans than in

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a world possessing no faith in anything except the very latest phase of the evolutionary hypothesis.

THE problem of what may be termed "ecclesiastical stagnation" is, of course, not merely a Protestant one. Although the Catholic Church in the United States has, one notes gratefully, been spared such heavy losses as have been suffered in Germany as a result of post-war demoralization, the fact remains that numerical increase is hardly noticeable. Several writers have recently commented upon the surprisingly small number of converts made annually—a number which, perhaps, barely offsets the incessant falling away through mixed marriages and other channels. Obviously there are serious underlying causes for this situation, the most important probably being the "secularization" of most of the forces which mold public opinion. The world of the workshop, the factory, the newspaper and the government seems to get on very well without much reference to religion; and through contemplation of these smoothly running machines, the individual is brought to the point of ironing faith out of his life as well. And though the consequences are deplorable, they pass unnoticed until some malady so serious as to arrest wide-spread attention sets in. Yes, there is food for thought in Dr. Stelzle's report.

THAT the making of beautiful books has been resumed with both talent and energy is apparent by the success of the International Art-Book Exposition, held in Leipzig, Germany, during this summer. From the ample and artistic catalogue issued for this exhibit, we gather that a connoisseur anxious to have attractive volumes about him would find the contemporary period an engrossing "wood for venery." Apparently Germany and France are ahead of other countries, with illustrators like Jean Cocteau and Pierre Noury, Willi Geiger and Louis Corinth, and a typography calculated to render a bibliophile forgetful of his actual financial condition. Great Britain is justly proud of the engravings of Eric Gill, the spirited illustrations of Willy Owen which hark back to the goodly tradition of "Phiz," and the now completed decorative art of Charles Ricketts—of whose work, by the way, a special display has been organized. The United States also comes modestly to the fore, making an especial point of the creations of Messrs. Updike and Rogers, in whose wake a whole new generation of book-makers is going up lofty roads. What interests one particularly, however, is the quality of the art that represents the smaller countries—Belgium, Finland, Norway and Switzerland. In each case national tradition and feeling is manifest, so that the world's skill in the making of books is diversified and enriched by all. Those fortunate enough to be in Leipzig during the summer will have enjoyed a genuine treat. Others may, if they wish, take comfort in the pages of the catalogue and yearn for the day when their libraries can be extended.

YEAR after year the success of the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, New York, is demonstrated by programs and attendance. Through a system combining agreeable social contacts with artistic and intellectual stimulus, it has been possible to build up a faithful and appreciative clientele. During the past season more attention than usual was given to music, and several concerts of great excellence gave evidence of the ability of Father Duffy to coax illustrious artists into making the long journey northward from the metropolis. Though many of the lecturers in attendance are old favorites at Cliff Haven, others appeared for the first time, testifying by the seriousness with which they undertook the rôle of platform oracles to a desire to please and yet deal with vital topics. No other American institution is quite like the Summer School; and one hopes that the example set by it will encourage other groups, in other parts of the country, to undertake a similar work. Experience demonstrates that there exists at present an abundance of good Catholic lecturers and artists; and in a day when the significance of the platform is so marked, the service it can render ought not to be neglected.

THOSE who know Montmartre will be glad to learn that the statue of the Chevalier de la Barre has at last been removed from the approach to the church of Sacré-Coeur. While this huge edifice is certainly one of the least attractive religious buildings in France, it is the center of earnest popular devotion and a monument to the religious convictions of the National Assembly of 1871. Nothing indicated so well the enraged spite of governmental free-thinkers as the act of placing a monument to one of the most blasphemous of all men directly in front of the church. The Chevalier de la Barre was an eighteenth century agitator who, having been found guilty of vandalism and other crimes, was executed by order of the king despite the intercession of the bishop of Amiens. He had no other importance than is indicated in the possession of a reputation for blasphemy; and by agreeing upon him as the subject of the statue that would "challenge" the national shrine of Perpetual Adoration, late nineteenth century anti-clericals succeeded better than they knew in symbolizing that "conflict between Satan and God" which so many mystics had seen in the life of Paris. One may fancy that Satan was not proud of what had been done for him: indeed, he sat very like a toad on the greensward before the presence of his Master. At any rate he seems to have made no vigorous effort to stay there, the statue of de la Barre having been removed after amiable negotiations between the authorities and the chaplains of Sacré-Coeur.

AMBITIOUS seamen were not the only persons to take an interest in the survey of old Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts, which the federal government recently completed. School-teachers and lovers of verse also took note of the official statement that no schooner

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named Hesperus went down "on the reef of Norman's woe." In commenting on the matter, the government's statement declares: "That the wreck was a figment of Longfellow's imagination seems to have been proved." Fancy how this incriminates the poet! Sitting down to indite a sentimental ballad faintly reminiscent of Goethe and other Germans, he allowed his imagination to assume that a ship had gone down on the forbidding reef which suggested shipwreck to a contemplative mind. That, certainly, is an offense which requires a chronicle. Nevertheless one cannot dismiss the matter quite as easily as that. Longfellow, if we are to credit his notations, actually believed that the Hesperus had met its fate in the manner described. The motto seems to be that even a poet's fancy must be scrupulously attentive to details of fact. Recently we perused a religious lyric which described the "tall spires of Notre-Dame"—an interesting projection, but one impossible to approve of if the Parisian reality be recalled.

THE LAW'S LIMIT

IT IS the unfortunate property of a case such as the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, whose verdict has now been put beyond the power of man to recall or amend, that it so arouses and inflames human passion on both sides that the implications of words uttered in hot and poisoned blood are only remotely realized. After admitting, right at the start, that Massachusetts failed to make the generous gesture that would have gratified the inconsistent but on the whole generous heart of the world, and that the name of its Commonwealth will be associated for a very long time with an atavistic hardness of heart not pleasant to contemplate, it will do no harm to glance at a few of these implications.

In the first place, human justice (being human) is fallible. We have not waited for the famous case to discover this. The history of jurisprudence is filled with cases in which verdicts reached upon circumstantial evidence have been discovered to be miscarriages. It is true that no case can be recalled in which a stay of seven years failed to produce evidence sufficiently conclusive to upset a capital sentence, yet in which this evidence subsequently transpired when it was too late to use it. This is only another way of saying that the Sacco-Vanzetti case is unprecedented. And it is unprecedented mainly because the prerogative of appeal and stay was strained by the defense and permitted by the state to the very limit. To accuse the Commonwealth of Massachusetts of inhumanity on the ground of the successive delays is an offense against logic.

Moreover, as Cardinal O'Connell of Boston pointed out, in what perhaps is the most moderate and soundest comment the case received, human justice, fallible as it is, is the only thing we have to depend upon for our defense against those who, by doctrine or deed, array themselves against the law. We may pray for a higher Justice to illuminate it—we may allow (nay, we have allowed) considerations of mercy to temper its rigor, we may even, as was once the practice of our ancestors of simpler faith, in their despair of full light, replace its procedure by fanciful ordeals designed to challenge the intervention of heaven. Nevertheless it remains and will remain, something incomplete, something bound and conditioned by our own imperfect nature, hovering, and doomed to hover while life lasts, on the twilight frontier " 'twixt beast and angel."

Not only is it imperfect, but it is not easy to see, at the present writing, of just what further perfecting it is susceptible. The Massachusetts law, permitting judges to hear appeals against their own decisions, should be changed forthwith. It is a legal scandal. Outward display of prejudice, before a case or pendente lite, should be ground for retrial. These are mere concessions to outward seemliness and decency with which no country or state can afford to dispense. They go neither very far nor very deep. The universal application of jury trial in both civil and criminal trials, probably marks the limit to which public opinion can ever be associated with the judicial function. Where it is under attack today, it is certainly not on the ground of any hardship it works toward the accused, but rather upon the ground of the obstacles it places in the way of swift and automatic punishment according to code. There are probably cases (we are not conceding that the Sacco-Vanzetti trial is one of them) where a common prejudice, shared by judge and jury alike, makes the verdict a foregone conclusion. Against them may be set scores, probably hundreds, where a verdict has been rendered in the face of contrary direction from the bench, by men convinced that no code of law ever compiled meets every case upon its own disparate merits, or satisfies the impalpable thing called justice, upon which it is sought to superimpose the palpable thing called judgment.

In a word, supposing the practically unthinkable to arrive, and evidence to reach us in months or years to come which would prove Sacco and Vanzetti to have gone to their deaths victims of judicial error or malice, it is difficult to conceive of any improvement in law and its administration which would put the recurrence of such a tragedy beyond the realm of the conceivable. In law, as in every conjuncture of human life, man is limited not only by the defects of his nature, but by values which he has evolved for himself only remotely concerned with abstract right, but upon which rests the security of the life which he has imagined as the ultimate earthly good. When some dramatic episode draws attention to the law's inability to satisfy the unquiet conscience which is man's share in and inheritance from the Divine, those will be least perturbed whose minds were already made up on the score of its imperfections, and whose hunger and thirst after justice does not wait upon earthly manna or earthly fountains to take its fill.

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YANKEE FARMERS IN FOREIGN TRADE

By WOLCOTT P. CHAPMAN

THE New England farmer of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly a character and a "type." He has survived in fiction, to a limited extent, and in the memory of reasonably old old-timers, as a rock-ribbed, narrow-minded, conservative old whiskers, antipathetic to progress; his principal contribution to modern civilization being commonly looked upon as that of preserving the Puritanical tradition, begetting large families who ultimately migrated into the West, and exhibiting a whimsically practical humor. It is contrary to the general notion that he was also intelligently interested in world affairs to a much larger degree than most of our similarly average citizenry of today. Yet in a very practical way, even though he may have possessed somewhat elementary perceptions, he was a confirmed foreign trader, especially if he resided in those portions of the countryside which had developed any manufacturing activity.

In contrast to the actual breadth of vision of the old New England "hayseed," it is surprising to discover how little interest or concern the intelligent citizen of today is manifesting in the questions affecting our international commerce; and how lacking he is in perception of the direct and practical bearing upon his life of the economic circumstances of other nations, as expressed in the ebb and flow of export and import trade.

Not long ago Mr. B. Olney Hough, who is the author of several standard works on export practice, and a recognized authority on commercial matters, wrote me:

> The paucity of foreign news in any of the newspapers throughout the country is a disgrace to our civilization. Here in New York our dailies carry plenty of foreign news, but have you ever looked over the daily press of Buffalo, Pittsburgh or Cleveland? Have you ever tried to exist for a week on the Chicago newspaper diet of information on foreign conditions, unrelieved by outside sources? Where would Boston or Philadelphia people find themselves if they could not buy New York newspapers?

This disregard of foreign news is a product of the growth of our domestic concerns to such magnitude that they have become all-important in our average outlook. Prior to the present high development of American business and industry, while we were more obviously dependent upon foreign countries for the supply of goods entering directly into our individual field of demand, it was natural that we should pay close attention to those things which affected the continuous flow of such import trade. And with the growth of our own industrial capacities in New England, close observation of foreign conditions, and the necessity of providing goods rather than money for the purchase of our supplies, gave impetus to the cultivation of export trade in manufactured articles as well as in the raw products which had been the foundation of our commercial activities.

My personal conceptions of foreign commerce were first gained, not in New York, or any other port city, but in a little village. Eastfield is one of those villages in decadence, typical of so many that dot the hillsides of Connecticut, and of New England in general. To the stranger it presents itself as a straggling line of houses of varying dimensions and pretensions on either side of the rather dusty road, the Main Street of the community, which extends from the bridge over the spillway of the old mill-pond to the soldiers' monument in its setting of triangular grass-plot before the Congregational church. The distance between those two points is perhaps three-quarters of a mile, as the crow flies; but this is accentuated by the marked difference in their altitude, the base of the soldiers' monument being something like a hundred and fifty feet above the high level of the pond.

The traversing of the village thoroughfare by any form of automotive vehicle is made eventful by the system of "thank-you-marms." They were originally installed by past generations of the town selectmen, and are perpetuated by their road-building successors of the present day—even though the latter are quite as likely to be bounced against the roofs of their respective cars as are the unsuspecting strangers who attempt to maintain what appears to be a reasonable rate of speed when negotiating the steep down-grade all the way to the bridge from the turn of the road at the church.

During the elementary water-power era of New England industrial life, when the Eastfield Knife Shop was in the prime of prosperity, conditions in the village were mightily different than they are today. Not that the highroad was in quite as good condition; nor had the four new street-lights been installed by the ladies of the Village Improvement Society; and, of course, none of the citizens had either electric lights or telephones in their homes. But in so far as the life of the community is concerned, the old days were the real days. And all, or the best part, of that life centered about the knife shop, which in fact was principally responsible for the community's coming into existence at all.

Knife-making did not occupy all of the time of the Eastfield townsfolk. There was a reasonable measure of farming activity throughout the countryside; and even the workers at the shop were, at least in a small way, farmers. But the production of knives was the dominant fact, the accomplishment which made Eastfield, at least from the viewpoint of local pride, known

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if not famous, throughout the United States and in many foreign lands. It is true that quantitatively the output of the shop assumed no notable proportions. It was the quality which had won first prizes at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition and at the Chicago World's Fair that expressed the craftsmanship of the old-timers who constituted the nucleus of the shop's labor personnel.

Today the Eastfield Knife Shop is a memory, except that the buildings still stand vacant, with the weatherbeaten painted sign, Plant for Sale, nailed to the door, where one cannot miss it, whether turning over the bridge to the foot of the hill or keeping straight ahead alongside the pond, on the main road.

As the old-timers who had founded and maintained the business dwindled in number, and the younger generation found themselves averse to the leisurely traditions of the remaining ancients, it became more and more difficult to meet the competition from the modern speed-production plants of the outer world of industry. The young men trooped off to Riverton down in the valley and got jobs in the foundry or the mill, where it was not the custom to suspend work in order to get in the hay, or to catch a nice mess of fish from the pond for dinner. Such had been the genial practice of the Eastfield old-timers; it was the conventional argument that it didn't matter, because they were on piece-work anyway; and they'd "just as soon miss a day's pay now and again." So there came a time when the few large shareholders out-voted the more numerous minority, the knife shop was closed down, and its premises were put up for sale. Years have come and gone—and the Eastfield Knife Shop is still unpurchased and still idle, a monument to a departed phase of New England industrial life.

As a boy visiting Eastfield during summer vacations, I used to go down to the shop and watch the production of pocket knives through its various stages—now and again bearing away as a trophy a partly finished blade, a bit of pearl handle or some similar treasure. And one those occasions when I devoted some part of a morning or afternoon to hanging around the packing-room with Sidney Webster, the elderly shipping clerk, it was by no means unusual to find several small cases ready, or being packed, for shipment to such places as Buenos Aires, Melbourne, Shanghai or Calcutta—bearing, in addition to those enchanting names of strange foreign cities, various cryptic symbols and geometrical designs which I learned were to serve as addresses to the individual customers.

I think Sid was privately quite as thrilled and pleased as I, although to my interested questions he would reply in a most knowing and superior manner. After all there was a distinctly glamourous appeal in the knowledge that these little packages of knives were to go from the quiet Eastfield hillside, sailing for weeks and weeks to some strange people in a far-off land, who dressed in nightgowns, wore bath towels wrapped around their heads for hats, and rode on circus camels. To visualize such a person nonchalantly producing from his nightgown pocket an Eastfield knife was indeed an entrancing bit of imagination.

As I have said, the Eastfield Knife Shop is a memory. But that memory preserves to us, who knew it in its prideful days of activity, a picture of a community of farmer-artisans, at once the owners and the workers of the little industry, who through the intimacy of their association with every detail of the business were in direct personal contact with most of the major markets of the world, and many of the minor ones. In fact, Eastfield was a community of foreign traders—and in that respect no different from any of our industrial cities and towns of today, if we as individuals would gain the same intimacy of contact with our work which the Eastfield farmer had with his. In that small and closely knit environment, the filling of an order for Argentina, Australia, China or the East Indies, was a matter of common knowledge and interest; it was an event, outstanding though in no way unusual, in a small round of daily life and toil—a topic of pleased conversation throughout the entire neighborhood, giving point and direct importance to such news of the world as was available through the papers which the various families subscribed to and read from cover to cover.

Foreign trade—export business—was a concrete fact in Eastfield existence.

Last summer I chanced to spend a short time in Eastfield, and one evening I sauntered down to the village post-office to join the usual group on the steps awaiting the distribution of the mail. Sidney Webster, a white haired old man now, had hobbled down from his home near by to get his letters (if any) and to enjoy the conversational interchanges among the boys. It had been years since I had seen him; and in briefly surveying the events of that period, I mentioned the nature of my present work, and my recollections of the old knife-shop days.

"But it always astonishes me," I said, "that the same features of export business which were so definitely of interest to the folks in the shop, when it was running, and also to their families and neighbors, make so little apparent appeal to the imaginations of most people I come in contact with today."

"Well, as I see it, it's this way," he replied. "When the old knife shop was running, and pretty much all of us folks up here were in some way or other earning our living out of it, there wasn't much of anything else to occupy our minds, except maybe the squabbles in the Grange, and anything that happened in the shop made quite a smart bit of conversation. It's like your Aunt Phoebe with that old hound dog of hers—she makes more fuss over that animal, because she's never had anything else real important to think about, except her rheumatism.

"Nowadays, people have got too many things to think about, compared with what we used to have; and nobody seems to think very much about any of them."

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NEW PLAYS AND OLD JESUIT PLAYERS

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THOUGH no less a person than George Bernard Shaw has defined the theatre as "an instrument of moral teaching," one must doubt that any large portion of the public now conceives of it in that way. Certainly even the major religious dramatists of our time do not, for reasons which would take quite a while to determine. Perhaps there is something in this remark by a recent French critic: "The present generation is, I believe, less moral but more religious than the one preceding had been."

Paul Claudel is concerned as a playwright with dogma and mystical experience. The movement initiated by Henri Ghéon is chiefly interested in trying to create a new variety of miracle play; and Jean Cocteau, newly converted but faithful to his quite unconventional muse, seems fascinated by mystery tout simple. Read the poetic dramas of Reinhard Sorge and those who have followed him in the difficult task of building up a German religious repertory, and you are in a world of sheer mystical adventure where faith and charity leave no room for even the essentials of casuistry. Similarly the beautiful little stage-pictures of Daniel Corkery—by all odds the best religious plays in modern English—are poetic and contemplative rather than moral in character.

Unfortunately one must admit that none of all this exquisite work has been really convincing on the stage. By comparison the plays of two men who did frankly stress moral problems have made history in the theatre, although neither could lay claim to unusual poetic vision or notable artistry of form. Leo Weismantel and Jacques Copeau—both loyally Catholic—are, perhaps, the most successful of modern religious playwrights, if ability to appeal to an audience from the stage be considered a criterion of success. Copeau's triumphs, of course, have been for the most part adaptations, such as his Brothers Karamazov, which is almost a theistic thesis in scenario form. Weismantel's best dramas—Totentanz, Das Spiel vom Blute Luzifers, to name two—are essentially moralities stressing some ethical teaching with great power and originality. They have earned for their author a reputation not even distantly rivaled by any of his German Catholic competitors.

It would be unsafe to conclude from such facts that effective religious drama is likely to appear only when the strong contrasts brought to the fore by a moral issue are utilized. Nevertheless one may be quite certain that exalted mystical plays like Claudel's Repos du Septième Jour are likely to remain simply reading matter, for want of audiences able to discern the subtle issues set forth in them. Because the point is of considerable practical importance, it may be worth while giving some attention to a pertinent, though curiously little-known, section of dramatic history. Indeed one may say that it had been practically forgotten when, shortly after 1890, a number of literary historians found it interesting territory in which to browse. What will be said here concerning it has been derived, for the most part, from Robert F. Arnold's masterly recent history of the German drama. To this book all quotations I shall make may be traced by those who care to do so.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Jesuits arrived in Germany and Austria. Their mission was to contend with the spirit of the Reformation, against which the earlier resident clergy had signally failed. With that lofty enthusiasm which their master Acquaviva was able to impart, they set out to strengthen Catholics in the faith and to win back as many as possible among those who had followed Luther. Almost immediately they saw that dramatic spectacles, of a sort that had come to exist after the revival of humanism, were among the most effective implements of Protestant education and culture. These plays were written in Latin, and followed rather closely the form employed by Terence and Seneca—a blend of recitative dialogue with sententious speech-making, which afforded room for both polished diction and instructive moralizing. In general the sixteenth-century Protestant playwrights were chiefly interested in getting up attractive "school performances" that might help to teach the classical tongue. The Jesuits, however, transferred the primary emphasis to apologetics, thus justifying their expansion of the narrow room which the ratio studiorum had allotted to the theatre.

Our authority speaks of this transfer as follows:

> Their drama came at once to have a religious purpose, and was designed to impress upon the spectators the fundamental truths of Catholic doctrine. The appeal to the eye and ear which could be produced by the modern devices of stagecraft was far stronger than any that even the greatest preacher could make. The success with which the Jesuit plays were used in the work of recapturing much of Germany for Catholicism, shows clearly that their authors knew what they were about. . . . For instance, the rapid return of Austria, which had virtually become Protestant during the sixteenth century, to the Faith, can in a measure be attributed to the attractiveness of the Jesuit plays.

These were modifications of the existing dramatic type according to certain rather definite principles. In the first place they were the work of highly trained men, familiar with the theatre in Romance countries and eager also to absorb anything good in the popular plays which they found existing in Germanic lands. In the second place, the moralistic and apologetic pur-

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pose inspired the addition of new elements which had considerable effect upon the general development of humanistic drama.

> The Jesuit plays derived much of their substance from the Bible, but worldly themes were not despised. Often historical and scriptural incidents were blended, the story of the prodigal son, for instance, serving as an introduction to episodes drawn from student life. The history of the last of the Hohenstaufens, of King Ottokar, Wallenstein, Hamlet and Mary Stuart, were well-known subjects, and similar materials were derived from Italy. Moreover, the Jesuits could make use of the legends of the saints, and of the history of their own order; and since this had traveled to the ends of the earth—to Japan, Mexico and China—the horizons of drama were widened far beyond anything that had been possible previously on the stage. Finally, the work of the Jesuit poets, like their society itself, was international in the true sense, so that a play which had been acclaimed in Spain or Italy could easily be rewritten to suit a German audience.
>
> Another reason for success was brilliant stage direction. The Jesuits knew their public well, and realized that above all it wanted to see something attractive. Therefore they spared no pains with the properties, being aided in this respect by the noble persons who patronized them. Soon they had drawn audiences away from the Protestant theatres, which were fitted out with comparative meagreness. Everything that the art of direction could accomplish in those days was expended upon the Jesuit stage, particularly when there was question of the ludi caesarei—i. e., festival performances in the presence of the court. For these the Jesuits made heavy levies upon music, dancing, pantomime, costume, scenes, pyrotechnics and novelties of all sorts; and whatever theatrical architecture or painting could do was impressed into service. Of course this over-emphasis upon externals distracted attention from the theme of the play; but precisely this tendency is responsible, perhaps, for the appearance of opera—something akin to which was staged by the Jesuits at Innsbruck in 1626, in honor of the marriage of Claudia de Medici to the Archduke Leopold.

These remarks indicate satisfactorily the atmosphere of the Jesuit drama. What of the plays themselves? A distinguishing general characteristic is a kind of partition of the action: side by side with the main story theme there went a secondary, parallel theme which served to elucidate the symbolism and develop the moral of the play. This duality—often compared to the co-existence of rationalism and mysticism in mediaeval philosophy—was often indicated in the title of a play. Piety Victorious, or Flavius Constantinus as Victor over Maxentius the Tyrant, is an example. Sometimes the secondary theme was allegorical in style, introducing characters like the virtues and vices of the English mystery plays. Thus there was created a rich and varied repertory which, in spite of the tabu placed upon love affairs, held the interest and changed the lives of thousands. The golden age of Jesuit drama may be said to have opened just prior to the seventeenth century; and during the Thirty Years' War it exerted a great influence upon other forms of theatrical art. Gradually it lost its significance and was, in fact, suppressed in Austria during 1760 by a "commission of studies." Nevertheless it had accomplished a great religious and cultural purpose.

Although the Jesuit authors seldom claimed much personal applause, the names of several have been associated with their plays and preserved. Jakob Spanmueller, a noted humanist and teacher, was not merely an adroit playwright but also a student of dramatic theory. His wide acquaintance with Greek and Latin literatures is reflected in his writings on poetic art as well as in his several plays. Much more effective as stage productions were the writings of Jakob Bidermann, who dramatized many lives of the early saints, emphasized a moral lesson, and frequently introduced allegorical materials. His Cenodoxus is, in fact, a version of the Everyman story, ending curiously enough with the damnation of the hero—a learned scholar—and its effect upon his students, one of whom (Bruno) is described as leaving the world and founding the Carthusian order. Bidermann was a master of dialogue with an argumentative flavor (really something like, though of course much more naïve than, the repartee of Mr. Shaw's characters) and surprisingly realistic. Though he was praised by his contemporaries for the elegance of his Latin diction, he impresses the modern student of literature by reason of his deft psychology, his knowledge of the world and his willingness to use comic effects. A third Jesuit dramatist, Jakob Masen (there is a singular uniformity in the patronyms of these men) is usually considered the most finished poet to have contributed to this dramatic movement. He seems to have been a master of tragi-comedy; and at least one of his pieces—the Rusticus Imperans, the rustic who imagines that he has become a king—continued to be successful upon the stage long after the author's death.

It would take too long to outline the influence which the Jesuits exerted upon other developments in drama. Classicism during the seventeenth century owed them a great debt; and the literary movement in France, Holland and Germany preserved many echoes of their best work. It was particularly in Germany, however, that their theatre lived on: the classic poets of Silesia —refuge for the muses during the Thirty Years' War —adapted the Jesuit style in their own still dominantly moral theatre. Andreas Gryphius, perhaps the greatest and most interesting of all the humanistic playwrights, was certainly a diligent student of writers like Masen; and it is a curious coincidence that Johann Hallmann, a later playwright, not only imitated the methods of the Jesuit theatre but was also converted (perhaps through them) to their faith. Of course the passing of time and the drift from Latin to vernacular languages gradually pushed into the background a concept of dramatic art that had grown directly out of the renaissance; but so closely intertwined is this art with the whole development of culture in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that its historical im-

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portance could not be denied and was destined to be insisted upon again by exploring students.

In all probability we should not find the Jesuit dramas very interesting as spectacles or even very suggestive as theoretical reading material. But it does seem that the simple fact of their remarkable success ought to mean something to those who dream of a modern religious theatre. The frankness with which these learned old poets accepted moral issues as themes and then proceeded to render them gripping and attractive is, perhaps, a commendable frankness. No matter how different the attitude of a modern writer might have to be toward the problem of presentation, the truth abides that he must look to the audience for the proof of his pudding. If our glowing mystical dramatic poetry does not triumph on the stage, it might be well to try a recipe once amply tested by experience.

Wings

The seas were still as only seas can be
That hour before the drowsy night is gone
With mist and morning star,
When through reluctant lids I felt the dawn
Tremble on mast and spar,
Then sudden swept, from dark and silence, wings!

Whence did they come? From what strange voyagings
To skies beyond the sun
Rank upon rank, legion on legion,
Beautiful, swift and proud,
Scions of wave and cloud?

Could I but put that wonder into words—
The wonder of the birds,
The strong pulsations of their wings that rose
And fell, and, soaring, knew the vast repose
Of endless sea and sky!
The dawning was exultant with the urge
Of wings, the rapture of wild wings: the air
Was passionate with wings that throbbed and beat
And broke upon my spirit like the surge
Of waters on a legendary shore—
Of cleansing waters on an isle where rise
From a divine, remote and undiscoverable shrine
The fires of sacrifice.

Thus swept the wings upon me and upbore,
And while the dawn was breaking I was part
Of the great, strange, indomitable heart
Of Being: I was one
With sea and cloud and sun,
One with the wind, one with the morning light.

There still remain the beauty and the power
Of that white hour:
For when the weight of petty, common things
Presses too close upon me, sense and sight
Stopped with the dust of old futility,
Across an ever-darkening waste the sea
Floods in, and out of silence sweep the wings!

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

THE SECOND A. E. F.

By MARK O. SHRIVER

THIS September the convention of the American Legion, celebrating the tenth anniversary of our entry into the world war, will be held in the city of Paris, and France will welcome once more the men who fought side by side with her valiant poilus. It will be a notable gathering.

Through the spring and summer of 1919, returning transports steamed slowly past old Bedloes Island and on up New York Bay. Watching for familiar landmarks, the men eagerly crowded the rails and gave noisy greeting to the ferries, the Mayor's reception boat and all the smaller craft that gathered endlessly with a raucous welcome. Over and over again some tanned and joyous youngster would turn to his neighbor and, with an undoubted sincerity, declare as he gazed at Bartholdi's great statue: "Well, if that old girl ever wants to see me again she will sure have to turn around." Nine years ago that was the universal sentiment. The papers and periodicals were filled with stories of a war-torn France where American uniforms had been as common as sycamores on the streets of Paris. Never, rang the chorus, never can it happen again! It seemed then as though it never could, for who dared dream that a September eight years later would see the birth of a second American Expeditionary Force, messengers of good will, crossing the broad Atlantic to meet somewhere in France?

Things will be mightily different, of course, for when the first one crossed the seas, lurking submarines hid behind the huge green rollers and depth bombs were held ready for the plunge. Fore and aft long, lean, grey guns waited for the sight of a wavering periscope. Port-holes were blackened, mast headlights extinguished. After many days came green hills, topped with glistening towers and turrets peeping from leafy groves through all the countryside; and then the landing—Bordeaux, St. Nazaire—somewhere in France. Cheering soldiers, women and children were waiting for the Americans who had come a thousand leagues across salt water to help in checking an enemy that threatened to overwhelm the land. Some of them may be there again, but once ashore there will be comfortable trains with cushioned seats in place of battered box-cars, marked with the cabalistic "H. 40, C. 8." Concentration camps, long hours of drill and labor, hardship, weariness, all will be unknown—and then there will be Paris.

Paris is always Paris, but the Abri signs have been taken down and Big Bertha no longer drops her angry shells along the streets. There will be no "Alerte!" of the sirens to rouse the weary slumberer from his dreams with the warning that enemy avions have crossed the line of forts for another air-raid on the sleeping city, and there will be no cheery bugling of the pompiers when the foe is driven off and Paris saved again. The last Berloque has blown and Paris

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remains with all its charm and beauty, the lure of future generations as it has been of those who have gone before. There will be no sweating prisoners toiling in the streets and in the fields, the stenciled P. G. or P. W. showing on their backs; no joyous cry "Boche! Boche!" from children as a fresh group plods heavily to the stockades. Breakfast will offer neither oatmeal, nor bacon, nor goldfish, nor sirop; willy and slum will be no more. There will be no A. P. M.'s to see for O. D. T.'s and passes and permissions, nor any R. T. O.'s for transportation at the military rate. The gruff M. P.'s, with shining forty-fives, will be strangely missing from the station doors and the corridors of trains. There will be Paris, Paris with no twenty-four-hour restriction, no Rue Ste. Anne to dread, never an absence without leave, and not a place in all the town off limits.

Save in a few preserves, the old front with its wire, its trenches, its gaping shell-holes and all the scars of war is gone, but the S. O. S. is about as it was. Washerwomen are hard at work along the rivers and canals grinding whitened clothes on stones with a vigor that wrought havoc to more than one set of army flannels, veterans of many a delousing machine. Still there will be the stolid fisherman watching a line sunk in the black waters, waiting, waiting for the nibble that never comes. Still the swaying poplars, stripped of limbs far up their whitened trunks, will line the roads and guard the fields, all filled with poppies and the yellow mustard. September will bring the beginning of the vendange, the wine-making season, and great purple grapes, bursting with their juice, will shine on every slope. The country will be afloat with fresh vintages of the red and white vins du pays. I hope the crop is a good one.

Wayside inns along many a country road will again reëcho to an insistent cry for "woofs" and "coneyack"; the big reunion is indeed set for Paris but there will be thousands more, unscheduled, unarranged, along countless war-torn roads, and beneath the branches of many a shattered forest. There will be greeting in halting phrase in dingy billets, and barns and sheds, revisited like Yarrow. Rousing choruses will sound in darkened corners. The war-time children are grown, it is true, but a newer crop will grasp the veteran's hand with the old-time greeting, "Une cigarette pour papa," and their only English word, "Good-bye."

In striking contrast to the nights of hooded lamps, there will be a blaze of light. The draperies are down from the Strasbourg statue, the sandbags from the doors of Notre Dame, the chains are loosed beneath the lovely arch and the Grand Avenues sweep with uninterrupted swing. The piled-up trophies around the Concorde and along the Champs Elysée, the cannon and the planes and the minnewerffers taken by the "Dixième Armée" and all the other valiant Frenchmen, are long since stored away. Paris is herself again. Bénédictine and Végétaline will be advertised as of yore but the captive balloons along the Seine, with all the tangled mesh of cables, have been hauled down for the last time. Paris, the playground of the world, will hold out her arms in welcome.

There will be the Salvation Army with its doughnuts, "Y guys" and their canteens, and the Caseys with their red and black brassards, their cheery greeting, and their shining slogan "Everybody Welcome and Everything Free." The round tin boxes of army chocolates will yield to some new confection, and there will be but little trade in cigarettes where the old Sales Commissary stood on the Rue du Colisée, but Tribunes and Heralds and "Delly Mells" will load the pagodas along the boulevards and lure the passers-by.

So it is going to happen again. The shining goddess on the island will have another chance to see those soldiers, thousands and thousands of them, and she will not have to turn around.

HITCHED TO A STAR

By CATHAL CANTY

THE gypsy of olden times has lost caste in this enlightened age. Even the word "fortune-telling" is tabu. The practice has now graduated into the sciences—has become either palmistry, or numerology, or astrology, all of them names calculated to make the client think she is getting something. I say "she" advisedly. . . .

My venture into astrology came about through a young friend who assured me that it was not a form of fortune-telling, but was based upon a scientific study of the stars and their relation to human activity. She felt certain that after my first visit I would be converted. Armed, therefore, with her name and my own inquisitiveness, I telephoned for and secured an appointment with the astrologist.

As I was ushered into her living-room, I had the feeling that I was venturing into one of the model rooms exhibited by expensive department stores. Modern replicas of American antiques were faultlessly arranged in precisely their right places; and there was nowhere a single one of those intimate touches that give a room the personality of its owner. The consultation-room was across the hall and soon a young girl, gossamery in georgette, slipped out, followed by a stiffly starched lady—the astrologist herself. Just as her room seemed to have been lifted bodily out of the furniture department of an exclusive store, she herself might have stepped out of the show-window of an exclusive tailoring establishment. Cool, brusque and business-like, she dismissed the girl and called to me. I followed her to a small room, across the entire width of which was a mahogany table covered with astrological charts. The starched lady sat down opposite me, placing a large, bulging handbag on a small table behind her.

With a briskness that was inspiring on a hot day, she immediately set about the business in hand. After I had given her the hour and date of my birth, she quickly covered one of the charts with numerals, circles and various geometrical figures. She explained to me that she was arranging the planets as they had been at the eventful hour of my début into the world. With a few adroit questions, she got the facts of my early life, my parents, brothers and sisters. These, she informed me, coincided with my horoscope. She seemed satisfied, and I suppose I should have been, as she continued to figure, dot and dash here and there on the chart.

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"What do you do with your money," she asked brightly, "give it away or lose it?" Not an unnatural question since I was there to pay her good money for the sake of discussing my affairs with her for a brief half-hour. By way of explaining her question she affirmed that, while Jupiter and Leo made me generous, Mars, in opposition, made me scatter money. Indeed, during the course of her comments I learned that Mars was responsible for a good many upsetting things, which, if I had not actually done, I might have done.

As I grew enthusiastically interested, she informed me that I would do well in advertising. When I told her the work at which I was engaged, she verified her statement. "You would make more money in advertising." Quite true, I mentally acquiesced. However, I was wondering what profession Jupiter controlled before Americans developed the slogan "It pays to advertise," when the starched lady added, "But you had better not make any change, at least for the present." I began to admire the sagacity she was showing.

Then she became foreboding. "Be careful," she warned, "in November and December of this year. At that time, the Sun will cross Scorpio in your horoscope. You will have to look out for your health and take things easy." Again I marveled at her astuteness. That is the very time of the year when I would like to break away from humdrum things and follow my more fortunate brethren to southern climes.

Her next solicitude was about my throat—a perfectly safe guess, since five out of seven (I think that is statistically correct) undergo tonsilectomies. But lest I be too affected by the darker side of her readings, she told me my brightest days were in July, when my Sun goes into Leo. Then I would enjoy pleasant trips, meet new people and have new opportunities. I nodded my approval. I have all the earmarks of a summer vacationist, so, of course, this was a safe bid.

I was begining to wonder whether she had forgotten the affairs of the heart. Here again, however, she had warnings. I must guard myself against men, at least this year. Last year Venus had been kinder to me, though apparently I had neglected my opportunities. Now I would find men troublesome. It looked as though Venus had gone off in a huff, and Mars thought he would take another turn at me.

She then asked me what I was most interested in. After I told her, she set to figuring algebraic-looking problems. I watched, fearful lest she make a miscalculation. How often have I added three and seven and achieved nine! What a tragic import might such a mistake have upon my stars! But the problems came out beautifully. My planets seem to have been grouped under the earth, which means that the hardest part of my life comes in my youth, while after middle age, my life will be golden. Heigho! I am hitched to a fine star, I thought, perfectly delighted.

In conclusion, she inquired if there was anything I wanted to know. Contrary to the stars that make me generous in giving, I have never been offered anything without grabbing it. Therefore, out of the million things I would like to know, I selected one. This time, Saturn turned up in the calculations, and indicated a negative. The starched lady reassured me, however, that although the answer was no, it might not mean no, which left me about where I was.

As I opened my purse she reached for her bulging handbag. With an almost avid snap it closed upon my precious money, which, she said, I throw away because Mars is in opposition to Jupiter and Leo. After my starry flight, I found myself as much unhitched as ever—a little poorer in my own pocket, but a little wiser as to how easily some others can make money.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Her First Affaire

WHEN Mr. Gustav Blum first announced that he would produce a play by Merrill Rogers, those who knew of Mr. Rogers chiefly as a writer of considerable distinction in prose were naturally curious to see his first dramatic effort. For his play with the title of Her First Affaire also happens to be Mr. Rogers's own first affair in the commercial theatre. It is decidedly a play of very mixed values. Some of the dialogue is sprightly and its intention is always satirical, but it seems frequently to lack resource. The same ideas are expressed over and over again and without any great variation in wording or in nuance—an artistic meagreness which is bound to be especially noticeable in a play aiming to impress by adroitness of treatment rather than weightiness of subject.

The story concerns an author of rather flaming novels who is naturally supposed by the younger generation to be an apostle of sophisticated living. His wife, after ten years of married life, knows him to be a very mild and timorous person, and so finds no little amusement in the situation when young Anne Hood proceeds to make violent love to him in quite open fashion. In fact his wife is so sure of her husband that she deliberately leaves him alone with Anne. The result, being a foregone conclusion, rather falls down in dramatic interest. Anne holds up to the novelist his own ideas but he simply finds himself intolerably embarrassed and starts to entertain her by typewriting a new chapter to his next novel. The third act amounts to little more than a string of words and leaves the play just about where it began, except for the rather startling fact that the young man who has been in love with Anne from the first, decides that he had better experiment with a trial marriage before they obtain benefit of clergy. This last touch, I take it, is Mr. Rogers's bow to the sophistication of the moment. It is entirely out of key with the character of the young man in question which Mr. Rogers had been at some pains to delineate.

From this summary, it will be apparent that the play is not particularly novel in theme. Daring novelists and playwrights, whose daring is confined to their typewriters or pens, have been used many times before, even though not in the precise manner employed by Mr. Rogers. The trouble is that mediocre characters of this sort never command much public interest. We cannot become greatly concerned about them. And even if, as in this case, they happen to have very discerning wives, their domestic problems never emerge from the pall of drabness. The more we see of them the less we care for them. The only thing that could sustain interest in a play of this character is extremely wise and entertaining dialogue. That, unfortunately, Mr. Rogers has failed to furnish.

The most interesting part of the play is the acting of Miss Aline MacMahon as the novelist's wife. Miss MacMahon has risen rather rapidly in public esteem since she first came uptown from the regions of the Neighborhood Playhouse. Her short scene in Spread Eagle last season was memorable. That, however, was a tragic one. As a comedienne she shows very distinct promise but also the need of careful direction. Mr. Stanley Logan as the novelist is quite artificial and uninteresting. And Miss Grace Voss, as Anne Hood, merely convinces us that she is a capable young actress who has been switched on to the wrong track. Her persistent over-acting and over-declamation of lines unfortunately spoil the effect of the occasional flashes of talent which she does evince.

The Manhatters

THIS review, which originally appeared in one of the small downtown theatres and was then carried to the Broadway regions, contains some of the best and some of the worst material of its kind. Many of the jokes and sketches show the effort of distinctly young people to be very wise before their time—the kind of vulgarity that is not even brightened by real wit. On the other hand, a number of the sketches have a real satirical point, many of the dance numbers are excellently staged, the music is at all times bright and cheerful, and there are three numbers, one by Eleanor Shaler and two by Jacques Cartier, which are worth the entire box-office price by themselves.

Suppose we take this number by Eleanor Shaler first. Devotees of the Garrick Gaieties will remember Miss Shaler as a highly dynamic and interesting dancer with a turn for the Fanny Brice type of burlesque. She appears several times during the course of The Manhatters, but in one glorious scene she has the stage entirely to herself. The setting, be it said, is the graveyard of Trinity Church and the dance gives Miss Shaler's impressions of a tragic heroine mourning at the grave of her lost one. Personally, I have seen nothing so excruciatingly funny in the last year. Miss Shaler rapping on the tombstone to summon the spirit of the departed—Miss Shaler picking from the top of the tombstone a desk telephone through which to get in closer communication with the other world—Miss Shaler scattering roses from a gaudy wreath to placate the spirit of the lost one—well, it must be seen to be appreciated! Fanny Brice is certainly the only other dancing comedienne who could carry off a number like this with the same sure instinct and the same subtlety of humor.

Jacques Cartier's numbers are on a different plane. Mr. Cartier, as I understand, comes from a family long in the diplomatic service, which means that for many years he was brought up in the Orient and other parts of the world where he had a chance to study at close range the art and the dances of strange peoples. In The Manhatters he gives us first a jungle dance. Against a brilliant red background, which catches his fantastic shadow and heightens the rhythm of every movement, he begins a dance to the slow beat of a tom-tom. As the dance progresses, the rhythm becomes gradually faster and faster ending in a quite thrilling climax. It is the kind of dance which, if it were not done with a perfection of grace and vitality, would be either boring or ridiculous. But with Mr. Cartier's complete mastery of his art he manages to express the quintessence of primitive ferocity.

His second number is called The Dance of the Dragon, and is a highly successful attempt to catch in movement the spirit of the ferocious old Chinese prints. The total contrast between this and the primitive jungle dance is an illustration of the completeness with which Mr. Cartier has mastered the meaning of line and gesture as expressing the essentials of character.

Another clever artist of this revue is Miss Sally Bates whose innocent, wide-set eyes manage to convey a whole gamut of satirical emotions. A little person named Katherine Renwick provides the Ray Dooley atmosphere—and James Norris and Joseph Wagstaff both contribute vocal ability beyond the routine quality. Dorothea Chard—formerly of the Garrick Gaieties—assures the utter informality of the proceedings by making all announcements and explanations. She is a small revue in herself. None of which laudatory remarks should be taken as implying a whitewashing of the interrupting vulgarity referred to at the outset of this review.

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COMMUNICATIONS

KING CONSTANTINE'S DECISION

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Mr. R. B. Mowat, of Corpus Christi College, in his history of European diplomacy from 1914 to 1925, sketches King Constantine of Greece in these words:

"If King Constantine had been a man of high capacity his case would now be regarded as one of the great tragedies of history. But being only a man of moderate capacity, he arouses little interest, even in his most fateful decisions, his most tragic failures. This big, breezy man, with the blunt military manner, the hasty temper, the agreeable camaraderie, had once many friends, and he undoubtedly had his country's interest at heart. But he had, as a ruler, three great faults: firstly, he was not able always to see the proper decision to be made (indeed, few people can do this). Secondly, he was incredibly obstinate: having made a wrong decision he never swerved from it. Thirdly, he was blindly conceited. . . . Those things being said, it is fair to put the case for Constantine. Apart from his personal sympathy with the German military and authoritative system, he honestly held that the good of his kingdom lay in a neutral course. He saw two groups of powers fighting against each other. If either group were going to win, he thought that the central powers would do so. But if he joined either group, his own weak country, before final victory, might become the sport of hostile armies, might be sacked and ravaged like Belgium or northern France. He was not going to risk that. So he took the course that led eventually to exile, to the fall of his dynasty and almost to the ruin of his country."

There was more to it than that. A personal friend of King Constantine, urging him to come in on the side of the Allies, was refused with this explanation:

"You know the Hohenzollerns, and you know the Germans as well as I do. If I join the Allies, you know what the Germans will do to Greece . . . . If I join the Germans, and the Allies should invade me, at least they will not ravage and destroy Greece. I do not want to join the Germans. They may win but they are wrong. Greece must remain neutral, though by deciding that way, I shall incur the ill-will of both sides, and shall probably lose my crown, possibly my life."

King Constantine was not a Greek, and he was connected by marriage with the Hohenzollerns. It seems an honest decision after all, as soundly reasoned as any decision could be reasoned during that period when no one saw the end, nor, very clearly, the means to a desired end. It would be a genuine pity not to leave him that.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND

Fort Washington, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Permit me to thank Mr. Traboulsee for having kindly drawn attention to the chronological error, making the late Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, live seventeen years beyond the span allotted him.

My information regarding the Clan Macdonald was obtained from Dr. Scanlan of Glasgow, a competent authority, who within sight of the brick hovels erected for these poor Highlanders on the banks of the Clyde at Bridgeton, Glasgow, related to me the incidents of their sufferings.

It would be interesting to learn more about the vicissitudes of these brave Scots after landing in Nova Scotia.

THOMAS FLANAGAN.

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BOOKS

History of the Catholic Mission in the Hawaiian Islands, by Reverend Reginald Yzendoorn. Honolulu: Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Limited. $4.90.

THE centenary of Catholic missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands naturally calls attention to apostolic labors which have long since taken their places in the perspective of history. What was the work and by whom was it accomplished? Father Reginald Yzendoorn, a priest of the mission, has answered these questions in a volume which bids fair to keep a place on the list of books devoted to missionary history. He has, moreover, sketched the general information about the islands with the skill of a trained and impartial historian. The element of impartiality deserves especial mention. Though much of the material compiled has to do with controversies and decisions the rightness of which can be called into question, our author is never misled into fostering an apologetic purpose at the expense of truth.

After an introductory section dealing with the Polynesians as a race and with some memories of an earlier Christian missionary which have lived on in popular tradition and seem indubitable, Father Reginald passes on to the establishment of the American Protestant missions which were organized more or less under the tutelage of the Reverend Mr. Bingham. When, in 1827, the French ship La Comète landed Catholic missioners near Honolulu, these were perforce required to meet opposition not merely from the pagan natives but particularly from their own precursors. Indeed, their subsequent history, picturesque with political intrigue, stratagem and exile, was largely a matter of struggling against the antagonism of the American Protestants. The whole story is not pleasant reading, although it is interspersed with incidents of a most absorbing character—incidents which throw much light upon the characters of the missionaries and tell us a great deal about the natives.

It was not until Father Louis Maigret, whose adventures as a missionary were really thrilling, had been consecrated bishop that the Catholic cause was redeemed from official persecution. Naturally enough, lively controversy continued to flourish, particularly after the arrival of the Mormons; and the bishop came to rely more and more upon the press and the school as instruments for carrying out the work to be accomplished. Finally the simple, sturdy career of Father Damien, whose toil among the lepers brought on the dread disease from which he died, endeared the Catholic missioners to all and spread their fame over the world. Father Yzendoorn devotes considerable space to Molokai and its hero, investigating the several charges which have been the basis of calumny and polemics, summoning all available documentary evidence bearing upon the case, and completely vindicating the character of Damien. Here also one is grateful for the impartial tone, which foregoes bitterness and serves the cause of history.

Though much of the book deals with matters of deep interest only to those whom destiny has familiarized with the Hawaiian Church, Father Yzendoorn's achievement as a whole should find many admirers in the United States and elsewhere. He has given us a plain, gripping tale of triumph over hardships, and has chronicled facts to which anyone interested in the South Seas can hardly be indifferent. The publishers are to be congratulated upon the skill with which they have brought out a fine and creditable volume, illustrated with many pictures and unusually distinguished in appearance.

T. C.

The Quakers: Their Story and Message, by A. Neave Brayshaw. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

THIS new edition of the history of the Friends, by the author of The Personality of George Fox, contains numerous changes, as well as additional chapters over the original version. Mr. Brayshaw recounts the rise of the sect from the seventeenth century, through the work of William Penn in America, to the Manchester conference in 1895 and the resultant new movement, tracing "the lines of thought which have gone to the shaping of the present-day Quakerism both in its weakness and its strength." The name "Quaker" seems to have been begotten when the founder, George Fox, advised one Justice Bennet to tremble before the power of the Lord; other pages tell of early adventures both in England and in this country, the isolation of the order in its first days, persecution, and the bewilderment which followed when the barriers of seclusion were let down. Chapters are devoted to the Friends' beliefs as to war, oaths, honesty and philanthropy, to the work of the sect during the Civil War, and during and since the recent conflict. Their creed is admirably outlined in The Inner Light and Salvation, The Inner Light and the Scriptures and The Soul of Quakerism. Altogether, the volume is a very useful guide, calculated to promote a better understanding of this historied group.

On one page of the chronicle, in rather uncalled-for proximity, are found the following enlightening statements: "Henry [VIII] had cast off the rule of the Pope, announcing that he himself was the supreme head on earth of the Church of England, but beyond that he contemplated little change either in doctrine or in practice," and "in the last five years [of Mary's reign] about two hundred and eighty people were burned for their faith," as against, apparently, the work of Elizabeth, "in the last twenty-eight years of [whose] reign nearly a hundred and ninety Roman Catholics were hanged."

JAMES E. TOBIN.

Saint in Ivory: The Story of Genevieve of Paris and Nanterre, by Lorine Pruette. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

BY WHAT strange compulsion or stranger complex must people who obviously dislike sainthood write books about saints? Is it the perpetual, magnetic attraction of those strong and vibrant souls? Sometimes: and that is why one finds it easy to forgive the minor distortions of Shaw's bold and beautiful Saint Joan. But then it may also be because of the author's wish to destroy—politely, of course, and cynically, if he or she be a modern, sophisticated person—by means of explaining away: which is why one does not find it easy to forgive the performances in this field of Anatole France or Sabatier.

Probably both motives together went into the making of this curiously unreal and sentimental fantasy which bears the beguiling title of Saint in Ivory, and the most misleading subtitle imaginable. It is described by the publishers as a "novel": but that is scarcely sufficient reason for contradicting or caricaturing every accepted fact of Saint Genevieve's biography, and substituting in their place a wholly new fabric of romantic fiction. For instance, we are assured that she was a "good child" (good when not stamping her foot in rage or running away from her mother!) but it was the veriest delusion for the visiting Saint Germanus to single her out as a vessel of devotion. However, the harm being done, this unwilling virgin of the Lord "continued to do what was expected of her and to work miracles whenever possible." Now denatured sainthood

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is not very arresting—neither are denatured miracles. So it is scarcely surprising that Lorine Pruette, who is a former biographer of G. Stanley Hall and keen for the "new" psychology, should hasten to provide an erotic interest—not merely by a generous number of spicy collateral incidents, but even by discovering an adventurous lover for Genevieve herself! And like most other people, the author does well the thing she really likes to do; interpreting human passion in a style of sensuous, rhythmic beauty which makes one wonder whether the whole book might not have been a rather charming love story—in spite of its heroine's habit of trembling and swooning at the slightest provocation—if only this languishing little lady were not held up as understudy for the intrepid saint who outfaced warring kings, brought food as well as courage to her besieged city, prayed through incredible vigils, and lived to be ninety years old!

It is more than a little ridiculous to have the mysterious Genevieve of Paris and Nanterre presented as about midway between a moron and a grande amoureuse. And it is more than a little repulsive to find all through this daintily made volume a complete misconception and scarcely-veiled scorn of Christian ideals. Once again—what was the use?

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

The Way of the Cross, by Alfeo Faggi and Padraic Colum. Chicago: R. F. Seymour.

ALFEO FAGGI'S sculptural forms travel in unending lines of pure simplicity, a simplicity that must not be confused with the polished smoothness of Brancusi's "sterile egg," nor with the studied naïvete of the last-of-the-Matisse coterie. Believing that sculpture must never exalt barren aestheticism at the expense of human and sympathetic qualities (Clive Bell to the contrary notwithstanding) Faggi achieves his simplicity by seizing the related elements of his theme and by eliminating everything else. His Doric eye makes it impossible for him to tolerate a mixed, rococo design; and quite literally his hand would fail him if he attempted to introduce a single superfluous flourish. Although strengthened in technic by a rigid academic discipline, he has never lost a drop of vital moisture in the arduous sweat of the Italian classical training. Intellectually stern, but not spiritually cold; lean, but not meagre in imagination; plastically pure, but never dehumanized—these are the observations made by the visitor to Alfeo Faggi's studio. And these are the salient traits of the small book which contains the reproductions of his stations of the cross.

The original stations are in the church of Saint Thomas the Apostle, in Chicago. As devotional representations, they reflect great credit on the excellent taste of the pastor and offer emphatic testimony to the advance of church decoration in America. This phase of their importance cannot be overstated. For Alfeo Faggi has succeeded in doing what so many church sculptors have failed to do—he has combined devotional and plastic beauty, proving beyond argument that it is possible for a modern way of the cross to be a work of art. And how has he accomplished this strange result? Specifically, by avoiding the pathological realism which so often mars the stations of our churches. With Faggi, there is no morbid preoccupation with the instruments and accidental features of the Crucifixion. The merely physical agony, and the agents—human and mechanical—of that agony, have been minimized; the sadistic details of torture have been purged away. And in expunging a world of too brutal reality, the sculptor finds space and energy for the penetrating depiction of the spiritual and

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psychological state of the chief actors in this timeless drama of the cross.

In purging his scenes, however, Faggi has not departed too violently from a much-loved and much honored tradition of the Church. The essentials of the road to Calvary have been retained; the emotional content has not suffered. Pilate, Veronica, Mary and the great Protagonist Himself do not fail to stir in us those harrowing emotions which are so peculiarly the property of the stations. But how purified, and how penetrated by the aesthetic intelligence of the sculptor, have these emotions become!

Plastically, and quite apart from their significance as devotional stimuli, these fourteen bronzes may be regarded as the culmination of Faggi's work thus far. The clarity of the design, the contrapuntal balance of line and mass (it is difficult to point out peaks of beauty, but the terrible economy of the twelfth station haunts me) are the product of original gifts and the ascetic development of those gifts. The progress of Jesus Christ from the judgment hall to the skull-shaped hill of Calvary was never commemorated in art by a purer celebrant than Alfeo Faggi.

Mr. Colum's lyric obligato accompanying the reproductions is nowhere too strident; never dissonant. In this rare fusion of the arts, the poet understands what the sculptor is saying; one speaks in bronze; the other recasts that utterance in words.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

Handbook to Catholic Historical New York City, by William Harper Bennett. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin and Fauss. $0.75.

A VERY timely and interesting handbook on the remains of our Catholic forebears in the annals of the metropolis comes under the conscientious signature of William Harper Bennett. It carries with it also evidences of the love and labor given to our early history by Thomas F. Meehan, the author's friend. There have been several pretentious books published of late that have brushed our susceptibilities in regard to Catholic effort in our greater city none too gently, and such work as Mr. Meehan's and Mr. Bennett's (author of a previous book on Catholic Footsteps in Old New York) calls for immediate attention and appreciation.

Mr. Bennett's new handbook merits commendation for the comprehensive clearness of its presentation of salient facts. He opens his chapters with Giovanni da Verrazano's discovery of New York Bay on board the Dauphin in April, 1524, and records the successive visits of Estavan Gomez, De Ayllon, and Jean Allefonce, who sailed through Long Island Sound in 1542. In 1699, the French warship, La Renommée, landed the superior of the Jesuits, who was permitted to pass through the bitterly anti-Catholic Dutch colony on his way to the missionary settlements. In 1757, the papal ship, Immaculate Conception, was brought into the bay as a prize that was later released on the protest of the British minister, William Pitt, and sailed away with a large contingent of French prisoners of war. In 1778, Count D'Estaing's fleet was unable to proceed up the shallow channel and turned out to sea again. In 1783, Commodore John Barry came into the harbor, shortly before the recognition of American independence by the British Crown. The recitation of these little-recalled incidents serves to block in a vivid historic background to our modern Catholic consciousness.

At the site of 95 Maiden Lane was published New York's first distinctively Catholic newspaper, The Truth Teller, on April 2, 1825. One must regret the absence of any reference

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to the actress, Charlotte Melmoth, either in her manor school on Carroll and Henry Streets, Brooklyn, or her fashionable boarding-house at 6 Washington Street, New York, or in her grave at old Saint Patrick's on Mulberry Street.

Of Brooklyn we hear something in the story of the benefactions of Cornelius Heeney, without any reference to his final home at the foot of Congress Street. The note on Saint Charles Borromeo's church on Sidney Place reminds us that in the Episcopal church of Emmanuel, on this site, Bishop Levi Silliman Ives ordained Donald Macleod to the ministry; both bishop and neophyte later became distinguished Catholic pioneers. Reverend Charles Constantine Pise, the only Catholic ever to function as chaplain of the United States Congress, spent here as pastor the later years of his life of historian, polemist and poet. Modern achievements are also noted in the reference to the headquarters of the International Catholic Truth Society at 407 Bergen Street, and in the general story, which the authors have included in their volume, of the important parishes of this—the old city of churches.

The Handbook to Catholic Historical New York City is a work that should be immediately installed in every public library of our city, in every parish house and home where the cultivation of a proper Catholic respect for our forefathers in New York is expected to strengthen our American character and help in the leavening of our vast communities.

RODERICK GILL.

Love Is Enough, by Francis Brett Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Two Volumes, $5.00.

SOME day it will be recognized that sociology is the curse of the modern novel. In the instance of Dr. Young, we have a practitioner of the craft of fiction who has developed and matured his materials without this formula. His earlier novels of Africa are colorful, fantastic, dramatic tales, which the house of Dutton has recently reprinted. His latest novel, Love Is Enough, belongs in the tradition of the leisurely Victorians. For the purposes of his new long novel, Dr. Young has completely altered his style and, in the detailed chronicling of the life of a gentlewoman, has in his selection of incident omitted anything that might build to an artificial dramatic climax. He has followed the rhythms of his heroine's life in the traditional style of English novel-writing—but with this difference: here the apparently leisurely pattern is consciously arranged and pitched to the tempo of English country life. It is a performance of artistic conception and projection.

Love Is Enough is a novel of the generations from a few years previous to the death of Victoria. Hence, it is a novel of changing society. Yet the industrial influence is only apparent, in so far as it impinges on or influences the life of Clare Hingston, the granddaughter of a crusty old Victorian of the Huxley temper. Here is portrayed her youth, her devotion to religion, her first love, her marriage and peaceful, almost too peaceful, life on her country place, her tastes and talent for music and friends. It is the life of an unimposing, charming woman who is more human than heroic. An outline can do little more than suggest the pageantry of life that this novel records. Besides the life of Clare, it is a gallery of happy characterizations, that are done in the round. It has caught the feeling of English country life. For all its finely, sensitively realized restraint, it is a novel of lyrical force that is fused with humor by the perception of a romantic realist. A novel of tranquility and quiet, elusive speculation.

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BRIEFER MENTION

Candide and Other Romances; translated by Richard Aldington. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

GENERATIONS have read Voltaire's famous fictional attack upon optimism, and as everybody knows, it has an English parallel in Dr. Johnson's Rasselas. Our own time may still take delight in it, even though the Voltairean point of view is rapidly receding into obscure distance. The present edition, incorporated in the Broadway translations, is perhaps the best available to English readers. Mr. Aldington's English is pertinent and attractive, his introduction supplies the necessary background of fact and point of view, and his completed book is handsomely printed and bound. To some of his opinions one would have to oppose emphatic disagreement; but it is easy to assent with the following: "Whether Candide proves anything of importance may admit of doubt, but none can deny that it is one of the most brilliant and readable satires ever written." The minor romances included in the volume are neither so agreeable nor so harmless. As a matter of fact, they might very well be left unread.

The Life of Gotama the Buddha, by E. H. Brewster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.00.

THE history of Gotama, practically lost amid the legends that gathered around what must have been a noble character, living about the sixth century before Christ, is garnered together in one volume by E. H. Brewster from the sources known as the Pali Canons, put into writing in Ceylon some two centuries after the Council of Patna. Mr. Brewster is indebted to the Pali Text Society, which has prepared in English complete editions of all the Pali Canons. We, therefore, have a Buddhist Bible dating from some fifty years before the Christian era, a conglomerate of fact, philosophy, symbolism and moralizing in the oriental manner, summed up in a way by the rather hazy apothem of the blessed one when he says: "Easy is a good act to the good, a good act is hard to the wicked. Easy is evil to the evil, but evil is hard for the noble ones to do." And much more in the same sad strain.

A History of the Pharaohs, Volume II: The Twelfth to the Eighteenth Dynasties, by Arthur Weigall. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $6.00.

THE first volume of this series dealt with the Pharaohs of the first eleven dynasties; this volume covers them to the end of the eighteenth and is admirably illustrated and printed. The important positions held by its author as an archaeologist in connection with Egypt render him admirably qualified to write such a book, and his literary skill enables him to place his knowledge before his readers in readable form in spite of the vast amount of detail which has to be handled.

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